

The Man Comes Around

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The Man Comes Around

by [Khirsah](#)

Summary

Aggressive Warrior Hawke and Anders up against a series of walls.

Chapter 1

“There's a man going 'round takin' names,
And he decides who to free and who to blame.
Everybody won't be treated all the same.
There'll be a golden ladder reachin' down—
When the man comes around.

The hairs on your arm will stand up
At the terror in each sip and in each sup.
Will you partake of that last offered cup,
Or disappear into the potter's ground?
When the man comes around.”

—**The Man Comes Around**, Johnny Cash

**

It was a slow day at the Hanged Man.

Varric, Merrill and Isabela lounged about one of the big tables, idly playing Diamondback. Fenris perched nearby, sharpening his sword and ignoring the dirty looks Norah kept throwing him. Sebastian and Aveline had moved a little ways off to talk in quiet voices. If Anders really strained, he could hear...not a single word of it, unless they really *were* talking about nugshit and the price of hay.

He curled his fingers around his mug and refused to let himself watch the door. The only thing missing from their little gathering was Hawke—but then, Hawke liked to make an entrance.

“I should be at the clinic,” Anders said. They were the only ones here this early in the day. Even the Hanged Man’s most loyal drunks hadn’t swum their way out of last night’s binge to join them. “I have work to do.”

“You always have work to do.” Isabela tossed a coin into the growing pile at the center of their table. “It’s so *boring*.”

Anders tried not to bristle, recognizing the now all-too-familiar lunge of Justice testing his self-control. *Joking. She’s only joking.* “Yes, well,” he said as lightly as he could, tracing the well-worn paths of his old sense of humor. How depressing was it that the words he would have said only a handful of years ago now felt like lines in a play written by someone else? “We can’t all run around Kirkwall pantsless and fancy-free.”

“And why *not*?” she shot back. “It would do wonders for your glowy blue problem if you would just get that stick unjammed from up your—”

“Oh, look,” Varric said dryly, spreading out his cards. “A perfectly timed win to distract us from a brewing fight. However did I manage that?”

Merrill leaned forward. “How *did* you manage that? Oh, I will *never* win against the two of you.”

“Not until you get better at cheating, Kitten,” Isabela said. She winked at Anders before leaning in, pushing a card back into Merrill’s sleeve. “You’re flashing us, sweetheart.”

Anders let out a breath, glancing toward the main door before he could stop himself. There were a

million and one things he should be doing this very moment—a million and one things they should all be doing—and yet here they were. Hawke had called and they had answered.

How very obedient of them.

“Whining like a dog for its master won’t make him come through that door.”

Anders hunched his shoulders and reflexively tightened his grip about the mug. He hated being caught mooning. “Should you really be talking about dogs and masters, *Fenris*?”

“I am no slave, abomination.”

He felt a warning pulse of blue-tinged fury. “*And I am no—*”

Aveline turned from Sebastian to level a cool glare at them. “The both of you would do well to keep civil tongues in your head,” she said. “You know how Hawke feels about you fighting.”

“We’ll not have fighting here!” Norah added. She snatched up a tankard from a pool of congealed vomit and shook it at them. “This place is already wreck enough. You want to off each other, you do it outside, you hear?”

“And, look—*another* well-timed win to diffuse the tension. No, really, however *do* I manage?”

“But how *do* you manage, Varric?” Merrill wheedled. “You have to go slower!”

Anders pinched the bridge of his nose, sending a burst of healing magic to his temples. Fenris was sniping at Aveline now, Isabela was leaning over the table trying to catch Sebastian’s eyes with the bared spill of her breasts, the smell of vomit and piss and bad beer was closing in around him, Justice was riled and demanding to know why they were sitting here and not doing the work they were sworn to, and—

Right, Anders thought, popping up out of his seat and grabbing his staff. *Hawke can just track me down if he bloody well needs me*. He turned to say his goodbyes, determined to clear out before he lost his temper, when the main door slammed open with a deafening crack.

And really. There was only one man in Kirkwall who could open a door so dramatically.

Anders’ fingers tightened about his staff at the sudden gust of cold wind and the prickle of awareness that raced up his spine. He turned, eyes drawn to the door where Hawke stood waiting, outlined by the early light. Dressed in massive dark armor, black hair pulled back into a queue, blue eyes blazing out of a devastatingly handsome—if scarred—face, Hawke looked every inch the cold-hearted, bloody-minded reaver Varric’s lurid tales painted him out to be.

And he *knew* it.

“Stop posing in the doorway,” Anders muttered, just loud enough to be heard. “We’ve all had plenty of time to admire you.”

“I haven’t,” Isabela purred.

Hawke’s lips twisted into a smirk as he stepped inside, kicking the door shut behind him. The sword he wore strapped to his back was nearly as tall as he was, hilt wrapped in black rawhide, flecks of dried blood visible along the pits and grooves. He unfastened his gauntlets and tossed them onto a table with a resounding *bang*, moving toward them with measured, tightly controlled grace.

Hawke was feared almost as much as he was loved. He'd cut a bloody swath through the city and won the respect of a Qunari Arishok before butchering him for the freedom of Kirkwall. Anders didn't know anyone outside of this small circle who didn't whisper Hawke's name as if saying it aloud could call down the wrath of the Maker.

None of them knew the real man. The fact that *he* did—better than anyone—never failed to send a ridiculous thrill through his body.

"You're late," Anders scolded, propping his staff against the post again. He reached out when Hawke neared him, absently smoothing his palms over the black fur bristling between gaps in his armor. A very different thrill sparked in his blood when big hands closed around his wrists, just shy of too tight.

Hawke tipped his head down to look at him, faint smirk growing into a warm smile. Maker, it did something to Anders' insides to see that huge, intimidating warrior smile so sweetly. "I ran into some trouble on the way," Hawke said, turning his face to kiss Anders' fingers. "Nothing I couldn't handle."

"Will *I* have to handle it later?" Aveline moved to take a seat, Sebastian at her heels. "Or did you take care of the cleanup, too?"

Hawke's grin widened. "I wouldn't want your guardsmen to feel left out, Aveline," he teased. "I'm not half so cruel as that."

"Maker preserve us from the day you decide to actually *be* cruel," Varric said dryly. "Norah! Bring our barbarian friend a pint. If I know him—and by now, I'd say I do—he's got thirsty work convincing us to follow him head-first into some bad idea or another."

Merrill rested her chin in her hands, offering Hawke a bright smile. "*I like* your bad ideas!"

"Thank you, Merrill." He squeezed Anders' wrists before letting go, moving to take his seat at the unquestioned head of the table. Anders blindly followed, drawn like a lodestone. Justice had gone skittering back to wherever he waited when Hawke was around; Anders barely noticed the withdrawal anymore. He knew it should have scared him how easily he gave himself over to this huge, magnetic man. Sometimes, when Hawke wasn't around, he was a little afraid. Not even the Warden-Commander had been able to cow him so easily.

Glancing around the room, seeing pairs of eyes fixed on Hawke, he had to admit that he wasn't the only one willingly in his lover's thrall.

He was just the only one who got to see him without all that armor.

"I don't know that I'd call it a bad idea," Hawke said, settling in, comfortable as always being the center of attention. "Gutting a den of slavers strikes me as a particularly *good* idea, actually."

"You're taking me," Fenris cut in, leaning forward. His eyes practically glittered in his eagerness.

Hawke's jaw tightened. "I'm taking whomever I damn well please," he growled. Then the corner of his mouth curled. "But as luck would have it, you were the first to occur to me. Varric, I'll need you to come along. Bring your lockpicks—we're going to dig for treasure under a pile of bodies."

"Bianca, my lockpicks and I are at your disposal."

Isabela huffed an annoyed breath. "Why not me, Hawke? My fingers are just as deft as Varric's. *Maybe* more so. Did I tell you about the time—"

Hawke cut her off. “*You* complain every time I ask you to pick a lock. I’m not in the mood to be called a slavedriver when I’m knee-deep in *actual* slavedrivers.”

“Oh *balls*.”

“We’ll need a mage,” Hawke continued.

Anders struggled not to volunteer himself like Fenris had. Hawke was a benign dictator, but he hated to have his will questioned. He joked and parried, but only a fool could miss the warning light in those lyrium-blue eyes.

He couldn’t even say why he was so desperate to come when just ten minutes earlier he’d been ready to heed Justice’s desire to leave. It was stupid to be worried about a man as powerful as Hawke. It was just as stupid to feel somehow *less* when he wasn’t around.

Hawke glanced at him, reaching out almost absently—as if Hawke did anything without the full weight of intent behind it—to press calloused fingers against the small of Anders’ back. “Merrill,” he said, ragged fingernails tracing a pattern down Anders’ spine. “How do you feel about taking point on this?”

Anders bit the inside of his mouth. Merrill beamed. “I’ve been working on that new spell you like,” she said cheerfully. “Soon I’ll be up to casting a death cloud, I’m sure of it.”

“That’s our Kitten,” Varric said.

Hawke’s hand remained heavy and grounding on him. “They’re hiding out in the northwestern stretch of the Wounded Coast,” he said, idly unsheathing a dagger as Sebastian spread out one of Varric’s many maps, fetched up from his room. “Along this bit of cliffs here. I’m expecting them to be dug in and waiting for attack.” Hawke dragged the tip of his blade lightly along the coast, mapping out their plan of attack. Everyone listened carefully, even the companions elected to remain behind. It was how things were—how they’d always been. It paid to be ready to step in for a last-minute substitution should they be needed.

He wouldn’t be needed today, Anders realized with a slowly sinking heart as the map was rolled away and a new round of drinks passed around. Hawke grinned and laughed at something Isabela said, heavily armored arm around Anders’ hips, big hand splayed possessively across his thigh—but he wasn’t talking about the mission anymore. He wasn’t turning over the details slowly, one by one. Everything was decided. Everything was set in stone. Anders would remain in Kirkwall, in his clinic, struggling not to pace as he waited for news and wondered if today would be the day the Champion of Kirkwall’s enemies got the better of him.

Stupid, besotted, melodramatic mage.

Midway through the second round, Aveline and Sebastian slipped out to take care of the bodies Hawke had left moldering in Lowtown. Isabela drifted off to find some trouble of her own. Merrill, Fenris and Varric were checking their armor and weapons and sorting through enchanted items. Only Hawke stayed still, leaning comfortably back in his seat of honor, palm rubbing a soothing circle against Anders’ hip.

Anders looked down at his lover, frustrated worry and love heavy in his chest. He reached out to brush back a strand of black hair, letting his thumb trace over the delicate shell of his ear.

“Stop worrying so much,” Hawke murmured. “I can practically feel you vibrating.”

Anders paused. *Oh, Andraste’s tits. Just say it.* “I wouldn’t be *vibrating* if you’d just let me watch

your back. Take me with you.”

There was a long, heavy silence. Then, quick as a lightning chain, Hawke twisted, grabbed Anders’ wrist and yanked him down hard, sprawled across Hawke’s lap. One arm looped to catch him gently, the other penning him in tight—penning him against *Hawke*. It was a violent gesture tempered by great care, and Anders gasped at a sudden fierce surge of *need*. He twisted, struggling to get free even though he knew he couldn’t, knew he didn’t *want* to. Maker, he was helpless against Hawke, and they both knew it.

Hawke reached up to grip Anders’ chin, drawing his face toward him. Those intense blue eyes were fixed on his, unblinking. Peeling back layer upon layer as if he could skin him to the bone without a single touch.

Anders struggled not to arch against him, heat unspooling fast and wild in his belly. He was already hard, erection pressing hot against the drab grey of his robes. *Not in front of everyone. Maker, please. Hold it together.*

“Hawke,” he murmured, wincing at the way his voice quaked. Just one table away, Fenris snorted but didn’t look up from his blade. “...Garrett.”

“I don’t like to explain myself,” Hawke said.

Anders wet his lips. “You’ve made that pretty clear.”

“I don’t like to repeat myself.” Hawke dragged his thumbnail along the bristles of Anders’ stubble, up his jaw and to his temple. Anders’ hips bucked once before he scrambled for self-control. He was panting, Maker take him. One rough touch, a hard look, a warning caress and he was *panting* for it.

“I. Yes. I know.”

Hawke leaned closer, a physical *presence* that eclipsed everything else. Being near him was like staring into the sun—Anders felt blinded and dazed whenever he managed to look away. He moaned at the sudden hard grip of Hawke’s hand on his flank, Hawke’s fingers digging into his skin. The edge of the table bit into his waist and rough fingers were in his hair now, keeping him pinned. Anders twisted, thighs spreading wide in welcome, hips pushing up restlessly. He was so hard—so hard, so wet, so desperate—and he didn’t *care* that the others were here. Maker take the others; he needed to be *touched*.

Hawke’s expression didn’t gentle, though his eyes held nothing but warmth as he brushed his lips across the rasp of Anders’ chin. “Then don’t make me,” he said, nipping sharply. Anders shuddered, almost crawling out of his skin with his need.

Then hands slid out of his hair and he was being gently but firmly lifted out of Hawke’s arms and set on his feet. He swayed, catching himself against the table. He could have sworn dark motes were swimming before his eyes, as if Hawke really *were* the sun.

“I’ll be by the clinic when I return,” Hawke said, catching Anders’ hand to brush his lips along the inside of his wrist. Anders listed into that touch, heat crashing through his body in shocking, devastating waves. Hawke’s eyes cut to him and lines flashed briefly at the corners as he smiled.

Then Hawke lightly raked his teeth over pale white skin.

“Tonight,” he said, letting Anders go. Anders staggered back with a choked agreement, so hard he was *aching*. Varric was smirking down at Bianca and Fenris was watching him with a curled lip,

open disgust writ clear on his face, but Anders didn't care. Let him look. Let him judge. When push came to shove, Anders had the undivided attention of the most dangerous man in the Free Marches.

And Maker, it was going to be the death of him.

Chapter 2

Anders managed to be productive all through the morning. By late afternoon, however, he was feeling stretched thin. He spent the hours between sunset and nine bells with one eye on the door, straining to hear the clank of armor even as he parceled out potions and mended broken limbs.

By late evening, he was a mess.

“You take care of her, Alina,” Anders said, sinking into a chair with an unsteady wave of his hand. The little girl had a fever—he could practically feel its heat from across the room, radiating off her shaking limbs—but it wasn’t something they needed his magic for, and he was so blasted *exhausted*. He dropped his head into the cup of his palm, rubbing his fingers against his temples to try to ease the ache.

Eleven bells. The big tower clock had chimed eleven bells and still Hawke had not come.

Anders let out an unsteady breath and squeezed his eyes shut. This was why he hated being left behind. Hawke lived and breathed danger as if he had been born to it. He was afraid of nothing, at least as far as Anders could tell. Dragons! The man faced *high dragons* as if they were merely a new adventure waiting to be had, a new obstacle to smash his way through.

When Anders was by his side, he was filled with non-stop adrenaline—pouring out healing magic, casting constant buffing spells, doing his best to shield Hawke from his own sense of immortality. When Anders was left behind, all he could see was Hawke bleeding somewhere, trapped in the iron prison of his shattered armor as Merrill tried and failed to do what Anders could do so easily.

He should be back by now, Anders thought. It was just a band of slavers. He’s faced worse; we’ve all faced worse. Ten times worse.

Something must have gone wrong.

He gave a choked laugh and lightly banged his forehead against his fist. Something *always* went wrong.

This, Anders reminded himself, was why falling in love with Garrett bloody Hawke was such a bad idea. Even Justice agreed!

Of course, Justice disliked anything that took Anders’ attention away from the Cause, and Hawke was nothing if not a serious distraction. At first, when Anders had struggled to keep a safe distance from the yawning chasm of his own *want*, he’d been able to steal long stretches of time for himself. He could power through a day without even noticing the time fly by, forgetting food, forgetting sleep, forgetting everything but his work. And then...

And then, he supposed, the inevitable had happened. *Hawke* had happened. He’d been sinking in quicksand ever since, and Maker, how it made him *burn*.

Anders startled at the light touch at his elbow, turning in his chair to look at his second assistant, Marta. The Fereldan girl was broad-hipped and pretty with a long brown braid and eyes the color of honey. She watched him more often than she should, but she’d never made a direct move. She wasn’t, Anders had often mused, quite that suicidal. “I’m sorry, what was that?” Anders said, trying to shake free from the confusing tangle of his own thoughts.

She frowned and moved closer, leaning against the rickety table. She and Alina were sisters,

apprenticed to a hedge witch before they fled for Kirkwall. They were the best volunteers he'd had in the clinic since it had opened its doors. "I said," Marta repeated, dark brows drawing together, "you look *awful*."

He twisted his lips into a wry smile. "Well," Anders said, "don't *you* have a pretty way with words."

Usually that would have earned a laugh or even—if she decided to take his absent sally as flirtation—a blush, but tonight Marta's frown deepened. "Anders," she said, then stopped herself. She glanced over her shoulder, toward where Alina was mashing elfroot in an earthen bowl. "I've been meaning to speak with you for some time, but it never seemed...just right."

"Is there anything wrong?" He straightened, worry for Hawke briefly forgotten. "Marta?"

She wouldn't look at him; worry escalated into true concern.

"Marta," Anders repeated, standing and taking her hand between his. He ducked to catch her eyes, brows lifted together into an inverted V. "Please, we're friends. Whatever is troubling you, you can ___"

"I fear for you with Serrah Hawke."

"—tell me... *What*?"

Marta tugged her hand free, rubbing her palms over her stained apron with a nervous glance toward the door. "Serrah Hawke. I— Please, Anders, I *am* your friend, and I've been wanting to tell you for so very long... There's something...frightening about Serrah Hawke. Not just his—" She gestured broadly, as if to encapsulate the pure, massive *Hawkeness* of Garrett. "—but the way he looks at you. The way he...*touches* you. Handles you. Alina and I, we've been watching and worrying for some time. He looks..."

She flushed and dropped her gaze again.

Anders, for his part, was starting to wonder whether he'd fallen asleep and slipped into the Fade without realizing it. "He looks?" he prompted.

The pretty red creeping up her cheeks darkened further, and she couldn't seem to lift her gaze off the packed dirt floor. "He looks... Oh, Andraste, he looks like he wants to *force* himself on you. Like he wants to *hurt* you."

Justice, Anders noted with strangled humor, had fled toward the back of his mind like a maiden aunt the way he always did when *these* sorts of thoughts surfaced. "Ah," he said. He had to clear his throat, shifting awkwardly against the slow coil of heat at the very idea of Hawke trying to *force himself* on him. "I, ah, appreciate your concern. Please don't think I don't."

"I've seen him lay hands on you," Marta rushed on before Anders could say more. "I've seen bruises."

Anders dragged his fingers through his hair, torn somewhere between laughter and arousal and crushing embarrassment. Why did these sorts of things always happen to him? "I'm not a battered spouse, Marta," he said, *maybe* a touch too loud judging by the startled look Alina, her patient and the girl's mother threw him. He snagged Marta's arm and drew her further away, toward the back corner of the room. "I really, *really* do appreciate your concern for me. I know it comes from a good place, but I—"

She cut him off. “I’ve seen the work a man can do on a woman,” Marta said. “When I was an apprentice, I had to tend more than my share of bruises or split lips or even, Maker preserve me, broken bones. I don’t want to see that happen to you. I don’t think I could bear it. Serrah Hawke is a-a powerful man, a dangerous man, and the way he *watches* you...”

“The way he watches me,” he interrupted, “is *exactly* how I want to be watched.”

“But, Anders, you don’t understand. He—”

Anders pinched the bridge of his nose. It felt like he’d been doing that a lot today. “Marta,” he said, clear and slow. “The way he...*handles* me...is *exactly* how I want to be handled.”

“But—”

“Marta! I bloody well *like* it, all right?”

Now Alina, the girl and the girl’s mother were *definitely* staring, but Anders wasn’t sure how else to push through his young friend’s well-meaning concern other than to blunder on in and make a mess of it. “Hawke is...*Hawke*, true, but he’s not forcing me to do anything I don’t want, and I don’t know how to convince you of that without becoming entirely too like Isabela and giving you mental images you’ll take to your grave, so just, please, *trust me*. I’m not staying with Hawke because I’m too frightened to leave—I’m staying with him because I love the way he frightens me, and I can’t *believe* I just quoted Varric’s latest erotic novel to win a fight, Maker’s breath!”

Anders turned away with a strangled laugh, exhausted and worn down and embarrassed and worried and a whole messy jumble of emotions he didn’t have the time or energy to sort out.

And then, before Marta could say anything, the door to the clinic slammed open.

“You know,” Anders muttered, turning toward his lover, who was, yes, the only man in Kirkwall who could open a bloody door with that much flair, “someday, just *once*, I’d like to see you—”

And then the sight of him stole his breath.

Hawke took up the doorway, massive shoulders nearly brushing the wooden frame. He was still in full armor, helm showing a slash of too-pale skin, eyes burning lyrium-bright from its shadow. There was blood *everywhere*, soaking the bristling fur at his shoulders and dripping from the spikes of his gauntlets. A jagged gash bisected the black armor in a terrifying line across his chest, right over his heart. Anders could see torn flesh through the gap. It pulsed a steady stream of Hawke’s blood as he shifted to toss a gory sack, filled with treasure or macabre trophies or Maker knew what, to the clinic floor.

Blood spattered when it landed. One of the girls—Alina, Anders thought—screamed.

“Know where I can find a good healer?” Hawke said.

Chapter 3

“*Hawke.*”

Anders stood frozen in horror, staring as Hawke tugged off his gauntlets and helm before letting them drop behind him. He was too pale, a fine spiderwebbing of burns mapping one half of his face. His right jaw was swollen and there was a half-healed cut spanning his collarbone and part of his exposed throat.

Hawke dragged his fingers through partially burned black hair, dented armor screaming as metal scraped against metal. “If you take Merrill’s word for it, it’s almost as bad as it looks,” he said dryly, stepping fully into the clinic. He stumbled when his left leg gave out.

That was all it took to break Anders’ momentary paralysis. He was at Hawke’s side in an instant, his fingers sliding through streaks of gore as he caught onto the edges of Hawke’s armor, helping him right himself. It was pitted and dented, smears of blood and Maker knew what else dimming its usual black luster. Hawke sagged against him, one hand slapping against the wall to keep them both from crashing to the ground. “Maker, *Hawke,*” Anders said. He swallowed and pushed away a surge of fear, falling back on battle instincts. He needed to be able to think.

Anders pressed his hands over that horrible gash, blue light blazing through shaking limbs as he focused on knitting the threads of his lover back together.

There was so *much* damage.

“You shouldn’t have gone without me,” he accused. The sword had cut deep and alarmingly close to Hawke’s heart. No doubt it had taken every potion the group had on hand to keep him on his feet. To keep him *alive*. “And *they* shouldn’t have let you come here alone.” There were traces of poison in Hawke’s system. So much blood had been lost that it was a miracle Hawke was still able to stand. Varric and Merrill and Fenris should have hogtied Hawke and carried him here on their shoulders. “Bloody-minded idiots; I am going to *kill* them.”

Big, calloused hands curled around Anders’ wrists. “Anders,” Hawke began.

Anders tried to wrench free, glaring. “*No,*” he snapped. “You could have died. You almost *did*. You should have taken me with you.”

“It wasn’t your choice.”

There was a hardness to Hawke’s voice, threatening enough to make Alina and Marta edge closer. Anders could sense them forming a united front behind him, shoulder to shoulder as if they could possibly hope to take on Hawke in his defense. The little girl’s mother had wrapped her up and fled the moment Hawke had stepped away from the door. That’s what happened when the Champion of Kirkwall entered the room: you either fled, or you died, or you backed down and exposed your throat in surrender.

Filled with the burn of fear and an all-to-keen awareness of near-loss, Anders had no intention of doing anything of the sort.

“It isn’t fully your choice either,” he said, meeting intense blue eyes unflinchingly. He kept up the spell, letting soothing healing energy seep into Hawke’s skin and bones. He wouldn’t rest until he’d healed everything; he’d almost *lost* him. “Not anymore.”

“Anders.” Only a fool would ignore the warning in his voice.

“*Garrett.*”

Hawke’s grip tightened, enough that Anders felt a lance of real pain. His expression was thunderous, made all the more frightening by the stark red burns pulling his skin and distorting his handsome features. Anders hissed in a breath as he sent a pulse of energy toward those burns, watching as the angry heat of them began to fade to a light pink, then pale Ferelden white.

Slowly, the grip loosened. Hawke drew in an unsteady breath, watching him, then gently swiped his thumbs over the delicate tracery of veins at the inside of Anders’ wrists. After another long moment, the tension left his shoulders and he dropped his head to rest their foreheads together. “As you say,” Hawke murmured. Then, without moving: “Leave us.”

Anders closed his eyes, shivering. He felt like a wine skin filled to bursting, power and desperate love sloshing inelegantly over the brim.

“But Anders,” Alina began, voice small.

Hawke lifted his head. “*Leave us.*”

“Go on,” Anders murmured. He reached out blindly for the buckles of Hawke’s armor, fingers fumbling. “We’ll be fine.”

The girls hesitated behind him. He could hear them shifting in place as if torn between obeying or staying to defend him. Defend him against *Hawke*. Anders had to bite down against a sudden urge to laugh, heart constricting. He soothed magic over Hawke’s skin instead, swaying against his big frame at the raw pleasure-pain of mana reaching its limits.

“Come on,” Alina finally murmured. “We’ll see you tomorrow, Anders,” Marta added, a quavering note of defiance in her voice.

Hawke growled; they fled. Anders dropped his head with a breathless chuckle.

“Stop scaring the volunteers,” he said, yanking at another blood-slick strap. “I know you’re doing it on purpose. Maker, why do you have to pick the most ridiculously complicated armor possible?”

Hawke reached out to cup Anders’ jaw, thumb brushing over his cheek. The rasp of his thumbnail against stubble made Anders shiver. “Because I enjoy how frustrated you get trying to pry me out of it. Stop healing, Anders. I’m fine.”

Anders ignored that; he still had power left to give. He gave the strap a final yank and hissed in pleasure when the breastplate finally snapped open, dented, filthy metal clattering to their feet. “Finally.”

“Anders. Stop healing.”

He used his sleeve to wipe blood off Hawke’s face and neck, fingers trembling with blue light. He’d bleed all of himself into Hawke if that’s what it took. He’d fill him to bursting with everything he was. “How did you get burns *beneath* your armor?” he asked. It hurt to talk. It hurt to move. Weaving his spell now felt like his insides were being dragged over rock and glass, mana dangerously low. “What were you doing in those caves?” Anders flicked his gaze up, meeting Hawke’s eyes.

He should have seen it coming.

Hawke moved faster than Anders could react, pressing in with a furious curse, driving him *back*. Anders stumbled in his shock and was yanked up, half-carried across the dirty clinic floor in five ground-eating strides. He barely had time to brace himself, breath catching on a startled moan as Hawke slammed him *hard* against the far wall—one big hand lifting at the last moment to cradle the back of his skull, taking the brunt of the impact against his knuckles.

“Hawke,” Anders gasped, struggling instinctively. Hawke’s big body pinned him against splintered wood, one hand braced over Anders’ chest, keeping him pressed flush against the wall. Anders pushed back, hips bucking as he reached for his lover. Hawke shifted just enough to grab Anders’ wrists, grip none too gentle; he forced Anders’ arms over his head and held them there with a warning growl. “Oh, *fuck*.”

Just like that, just that *easy*, fear and anger and worry were immolated in a sudden blaze of *heat*.

Anders whined low in the back of his throat when Hawke pushed a big thigh between his legs. The sharp metal greaves dragged against his calf, but he rode out the flash of pain. He arched again, letting his hips be driven back, not bothering to fight against the overwhelming impulse to *thrust*. The spell was disintegrating around him. Blue light faded. He felt stretched thin and shaken and exposed and *thrumming* with awareness.

“Next time,” Hawke said, pressing closer. He thrust once, hard, hips driving Anders back against the wall; Anders moaned in response. “When I tell you to stop.” He shifted his grip, one hand still pinning Anders’ arms over his head, the other reaching between them to yank up his robes and rip off his pants. The sound of cloth tearing, the feel of the tattered ends of ragged cloth puddling around Anders’ feet, was enough to make him dizzy. “You *listen*.”

“Maker’s breath, *yes*.” He would have agreed to anything then. He had no idea how Hawke *did* this to him. “Hawke, yes, please, just—”

Hawke nipped at his chin. “Hush,” he said, grip around his wrists tightening in warning. Then, “Don’t move.”

Anders bit the inside of his mouth and nodded once. He wasn’t entirely sure he *could* move even if he wanted to—his legs were trembling, muscles jumping beneath his skin as Hawke deliberately let his wrists go and dropped both hands to grip his thighs. Strong fingers dug into his flesh, beneath Anders’ rucked-up robes, thumbs tracing back and forth along his outer flanks.

“Hawke,” he murmured huskily. He tipped his head back, dragging in uneven breaths. Maker, he ached. Heat unspooled low in his belly at the nearness of Hawke, the roughness of his touch. He was hard, erection pressed against the haphazard folds of his robe. But, Maker, he needed *more*. Having hands *that close* was a cruel tease.

Anders twisted his hips, canting them forward to rut inelegantly against the press of Hawke’s thigh. “Hawke,” he whined, then, “*Maker*,” at the blaze of ohfuckperfect friction. It felt so *good*, sparks swirling through him at each desperate ruck of his hips. He curled his fingers into fists, wanting to slide them through Hawke’s hair and pull him in for a hungry kiss. He was halfway to reaching for him when Hawke made a warning noise low in his throat.

Anders squeezed his eyes shut and lifted his arms again, pressing them against the splintered wall high over his head. He arched his body in a tight bow, trying to fit his hips against Hawke’s, erection pressed against the curve of Hawke’s hip.

Hawke’s fingers tightened, thumbs pressing against the arching wings of his hipbones. He could feel the heat of him through his smallclothes, *so close* it was maddening. Anders tried to rock up

toward his touch, but Hawke's grip was too tight—he was holding him still, not letting him move, not letting him thrust.

“Maker, you're an asshole,” Anders said on a laugh. He thudded his head lightly against the wall, opening his eyes to stare up at his linked hands. “Going off without me, nearly getting yourself killed, scaring the volunteers, driving me absolutely barking mad...”

“Poor Anders.” He pressed his thumbs in tight, sliding along the curve of his hipbone down toward the V of Anders' thighs. Anders bit his lip, going still in anticipation...but Hawke bypassed his straining cock, teasing his thumbtips under Anders' smallclothes before sliding up the crease of his thigh. “Is this hard for you?”

Anders gusted out a shaky breath. “Reach between my legs and find out.”

A low laugh rumbled in Hawke's chest as he pressed closer, broad palms sliding to the back of Anders' thighs. He shifted his grip, then pushed forward, *lifting* as he did so. Anders let himself be moved, positioned, blood thrumming in response. His feet left the ground, weight spread between the wall and Hawke's capable hands as his hips were canted forward. Anders instinctively hitched himself up, back arching, and wrapped his legs around Hawke's middle. The pleased noise Hawke made shuddered through his body.

“Like this?” Anders murmured, rubbing against the steel-hard muscles of Hawke's belly. The light clothing Hawke wore beneath his armor wasn't enough to hide the shape of him or, Maker, the heat. Hawke was *hard*, erection brushing along the curve of Anders' ass before Hawke tightened his grip and lifted him again.

Anders hissed out a breath, fighting against that steely grip. He wanted, *needed*...

He needed to be *touching him*.

“You really are going to drive me mad someday. Did you know that?”

“Sweetheart,” Hawke said—and it was pathetic the way that gruff endearment made his heart lurch in his chest *every time*—leaning in to brush his lips along Anders' jaw. “I hate to break it to you, but I didn't have to drive you anywhere.” He pressed forward, using his hips, his big body, to pin Anders firmly against the wall, and reached up to cup his face. “Maker, you're beautiful.”

Self-control could go hang. Anders dropped his arms, digging his fingers into Hawke's hair and yanking him forward, breathing in the scent of him before licking hungrily into his lover's mouth. They moaned together, low and raw, as Anders stroked in deep, deeper, needing all of it *now*. He felt feverish, as if his skin were two sizes too small—Maker, the way Hawke's tongue twined with his, teasing him, always teasing. He whined low in his throat and tried to slick their tongues together, breath coming in desperate little pants every time their lips parted. Not enough. He was lightheaded already; he didn't *care*. There were worse ways to go.

The hot, liquid glide was everything.

And then Hawke took control of the kiss, slanting his head and dragging his teeth along Anders' tongue, sucking away the sting with a low rumble. Anders gave a shocked cry, lost in his lover's mouth. He strained up, writhing, dragging his aching cock along the hard plane of Hawke's belly as he thrust his tongue into his mouth. Maker, he needed— He wanted—

He was slick against his smallclothes. His entire body pulsed, and he thought dizzily, *I could come, like this, right here in my clinic, where anyone could come in and see.*

And, as if his wayward thought had summoned them,

“Do you think Hawke’s better now? Can we go inside?”

“Kitten, judging by the noises coming from in there, I think we’d better not.”

“*Venhedis.*”

Anders tore his mouth away with a breathless laugh-groan. He thumped his head against the wall, tipping it back as Hawke pressed in to trail his tongue over the column of pale skin. “You left them waiting outside?” He tried to keep his voice low, aware of his three companions nearby. “*Hawke.*”

Hawke’s lips curved against Anders skin. “They wouldn’t let me go through Darktown alone. Something about being afraid I’d fall over and die.” *He* didn’t seem concerned about being overheard, teeth raking along the join of Anders’ shoulder. Hawke pushed in, rocking against Anders with heavy, steady thrusts that made him see *stars*. “Maker, the things I want to do to you.”

“*Shh!*” He dropped his hands to Hawke’s shoulders, digging his nails in as Hawke continued to kiss and bite along his neck—hard enough to leave bruises where anyone could see, Maker take the possessive brat. “They’ll hear you.”

“They’ll hear much worse than that if they keep listening.”

Anders couldn’t help but laugh even as he tried to worm his way free. Left to his own devices, Hawke was nearly as bad as Isabela. “I don’t fancy being the co-star of another one of Varric’s trashy novels, thanks,” he said. Hawke’s hands dropped to his waist, gripping tight—not letting him go. “Garrett,” he added, pushing at his shoulders.

“I told them to wait outside,” Hawke murmured, ignoring Anders’ (admittedly half-hearted) protests and scraping his teeth up to his jaw. Hawke’s breath was hot against his skin, tongue swirling against the rasp of his stubble before his teeth scored the delicate skin. “They’ll not disturb us. Even when I make you scream.”

Anders tried to swallow back a moan, moving fitfully. Would it really be so bad to... No, Maker take them, he’d have to look Fenris in the eye at some point, and he’d rather not do it knowing Fenris had heard him sobbing and begging for release. “*Hawke,*” he tried again. There was a part of him—a wild, carefree part that he’d thought long dead—that thrilled to the idea of doing this here, now. If he closed his eyes, he could feel the old champagne-bright bubble of laughter filling his chest. He could feel the weight of a golden earring and a soul that was entirely his own.

That boy was long since dead, but it was as if Hawke’s hands had the power to resurrect him for brief snatches of time—only Hawke brought him back cleaner, better. Trapped against a warrior’s body, chains around his heart, and never once feeling anything but free.

“Oh *balls,*” Anders said, sinking back into the kiss with a low, all too willing moan. He twined their tongues together before sucking on Hawke’s lower lip, shuddering against the warm prison of his body. “Fine, we’ll put on a show if you want—but don’t complain to me if Varric’s next erotic romance gives you trouble with the gangs of Lowtown.”

That, at least, gave Hawke pause.

“Hm,” he said, hands stilling. The last time Varric had caught them at it—in the dwarf’s suite in the Hanged Man, because apparently Anders had no shame—he’d gotten his revenge by penning a romance that had more than one pair of brows lifting. Hawke had had to murder an entire *warren* of Undercuts before the amused glances had faded back into rightful fear. “Perhaps you’re right.”

Hawke pulled back to look at him; Anders *hated* being right sometimes.

And then Hawke's full lips twisted into a wicked smile. "We'll take this upstairs," he said, hands sliding up to the folds of Anders' robes, rucked up around his bared thighs. Anders' cock gave an eager throb. "Where I will shove you against the door...or perhaps bend you over the table...or perhaps lay you in front of the fire and bite my way down your body..."

"Maker's breath," Anders moaned.

"Drag your thighs over my shoulders and bend you in half..."

He could see it so *clearly*. Anders jerked up, hands scrabbling at Hawke's shoulders, all the teasing gone out of him. Maker, he wanted that. He needed that, so much it hurt. "Hawke."

"Push inside as you howl my name..."

"*Hawke*." He could come, if they weren't careful. There was something about the heady blend of being completely in Hawke's power—body pinned, magic depleted, helpless—and hearing *that voice* saying *those words* that tipped him from needy to desperate. He tried to push forward, mouthing down Hawke's neck as he rocked against his hard body. Fine tremors echoed through him, and Maker, he wanted to be *fucked*. "Hawke, yes, please, I. *Yes*."

Hawke's big hands bunched in his robes, so near the slick brand of his cock.

"Mine," Hawke said, breath hot against Anders' ear. "You're *mine*." He twisted his grip, yanking brutally hard.

Anders nearly keened at the sound of ripping fabric. "Hawke!"

"Say it." It wasn't a request; Hawke didn't *request*. "Say it now."

"Yours," Anders promised, riding against him in desperate ruts, moaning as Hawke ripped open his robes in some kind of primal claim. He didn't care; it didn't *matter*. "Yours," he said again, turning his face to kiss him hard, pouring everything he had into it. He stroked his tongue deep into Hawke's mouth, muffling his cry as he was lifted, shifted, and Hawke began to stride toward the door.

Anders' robes fell around his body, open to the waist, exposing the bare thighs wrapped around Hawke's middle. Each step Hawke took echoed through him like a shot. He was being taken upstairs; he was going to be *fucked*.

"Oh, look." Merrill's voice may as well have been a thousand miles away. "He looks all better now, don't you think?"

"Just hold the cellar door open for him, Kitten. That's it."

Anders swallowed the low noise Hawke made, fingers buried deep in his hair. The others didn't matter; let them stare.

And then Hawke was kicking the door shut behind them with a resounding crash, turning and slamming him back against it—*driving* him against the wood until it bowed at their combined weight. His erection ground against Anders' and his tongue thrust into Anders' mouth and his whole world was on *fire*.

Until Hawke turned his face away with a low, self-satisfied chuckle, and murmured, "Let's see him

write about *that*.”

Anders moaned, ripped open, raw and needy and gutted to the core. “Maker’s breath, Hawke,” he said. His voice was so strained, he barely recognized it. “What is it with you and *doors*?”

Chapter 4

“Are you complaining?” Hawke murmured. He pressed in, pinning Anders in place with the broad weight of his body. Rough, calloused hands slid up Anders’ bare thighs, thumbnails scraping the skin and raising a shiver of gooseflesh in their wake.

Anders shuddered, hips hitching up in short, helpless thrusts. He felt like an exposed nerve, raw and trembling and *aching for it*. He dug his fingers into Hawke’s shoulders and pressed his shoulderblades back against the bowing wood of the door.

“Please,” he said, trying to find the right angle, the right amount of purchase to— He needed to— Anders swore and twisted against his lover, cock trapped between them. He was *so close* already, and the tease of it was going to drive him mad. “Hawke, *please*, I, fuck, I need—”

“I know what you need. Be still.”

Anders moaned and dropped his head back, eyes squeezing shut even as he forced himself to go still. The low, warning growl in Hawke’s voice was enough to make his entire body clench in response. He’d never considered himself a particularly obedient man—he’d escaped the Tower a record number of times, he’d defied the Warden-Commander, he’d taken a spirit into his body; he *never* did what he was told—but from the first moment he’d met Hawke, every part of him clambered to bare his throat and let himself be claimed.

To *submit*.

And now...fuck, now it was as if his body had been conditioned to it. He’d come if Hawke ordered him to. He’d do anything. He’d even stay perfectly still. But *Maker* this was asking a lot of him.

Anders gave a low, shuddering gasp and turned his face against the splintered wood, struggling to ignore the aching throb between his thighs. Hawke’s breath was hot against his cheek. One big hand slid up the curve of Anders’ hip and Anders tightened his legs around Hawke reflexively, struggling not to thrust. When Hawke rocked forward, once, Anders nearly buckled under the flash of whitehotneedyesMakeryes, twisting up toward him before slamming himself back against the door with a hiss.

Be still. Be still. Be still.

“So good,” Hawke crooned, lips brushing the tight line of Anders’ jaw. “You’re being so good, sweetheart. Andraste’s tits, do you know what you do to me when you’re like this?” His tongue darted out, scraping across golden stubble, swirling down to the mad thrum of Anders’ pulse. “I want to fuck you.”

Anders fought not to shudder. “*Yes*.”

“I want to make you howl.” He pressed a soft kiss to Anders’ neck. “Would you do that for me, sweetheart? Would you howl for me?”

“*Yes*.” It was a struggle not to shift toward him, not to drive his hips forward. It was a cruel *tease*—Hawke’s big body between his thighs, his erection pressed snug against the join of Anders’ hip, *so close*. Maker, so close, so close, he was so close. If only he could *thrust*. “Hawke, Hawke, please.”

He couldn’t understand how Hawke did this to him.

He couldn't understand why he needed it so badly.

"Hawke." He was going to lose his mind waiting, poised tense and trembling on the edge. Anders bit the inside of his mouth, trying to swallow back shallow, panting breaths as Hawke slowly kissed down the pale column of his throat, touch so very gentle, too gentle, fuck, he needed, just—"Hawke. I can't."

"You will."

The rasp of stubble against stubble was shockingly loud in the dark silence of the cellar. Anders' toes curled in response. He moaned at the hot brush of Hawke's tongue curling across the stark wing of his collarbone. "I. *Can't*."

And then, control snapping, Anders arched with a helpless keen. His thighs tightened around Hawke's hips.

It was as if a dam had broken. Hawke twisted and drove him back against the door with a vicious rut. The shock of pleasure was so intense that Anders screamed. He thrashed against Hawke's big body, heels digging into the small of his back, hands scrabbling desperately over his shoulders as he rode the steady, maddening buck of Hawke's hips. Maker, yes, yes, this was what he wanted—Hawke losing control, Hawke *taking* him.

"Please, please," Anders sobbed, riding each violent-rough thrust. He turned his face to slant their mouths together, loving the sting of Hawke's teeth closing over his lip.

The sound of cloth ripping was lost on him, tattered shreds of his robes falling to the hard-packed earth in a flurry of gray feathers. His smallclothes were slick with precome, and he could feel Hawke's cock through thin layers of fabric, rutting against his, hot, so bloody hot. Anders dug his nails into Hawke's shoulders and scraped them down, rasping over the underarmor he still wore. He curled his fingers into the collar and pulled. "Off, take it off," Anders begged, voice breaking at the next hard thrust. "Ah, *fuck!*"

Hawke twisted, grabbing Anders' hand, but Anders tore free with a low moan and pulled at Hawke's shirt again. He needed skin. Pale, scarred, hot skin stretched tight over muscle—it was suddenly unconscionable not to have access to it, it was—

"Unjust," Anders murmured with a strangled laugh, yanking blindly at the front placket of buttons. One popped free, skittering across the floor. "Hawke."

Hawke's upper lip curled into a snarl, one big hand catching Anders' wrists and slamming them over his head, the other—oh, Maker, the other—curling sudden and threatening around Anders' throat. He squeezed once, making Anders see stars, though his grip immediately gentled. Anders sucked in unsteady breaths as Hawke studied him with blue eyes blown black. The weight of his hand on his throat was a warning and a promise, so good Anders almost couldn't stand it.

"I love you," Hawke murmured. His voice had dropped to its lowest register, rumbling and husky with his own need. His grip tightened again, just a little, thumb brushing along the erratic thrum of Anders' pulse.

Anders wet his lips. There weren't words for what he felt for this man. "More than anything," he promised. He leaned against Hawke's grip, urging him to constrict tighter, to... To *control* him. He'd been spinning like a top for all his life; it took Hawke's hands on him to make the desperate whirlwind go still.

Hawke's fingers tightened in response, and he leaned in to brush their mouths together, so soft, so sweet it made Anders' heart *hurt*. The grip around his throat loosened seconds after, thumb rubbing up and down his neck, keeping him pinned rather than choking. Anders closed his eyes, breathing erratic, body poised on the edge of...Maker knew what.

He turned his face, testing the grip on his wrists—there'd be no breaking free there, even if he wanted to; Hawke's grip was too powerful—as Hawke licked a hot trail down his jaw, along his thundering pulse. Anders made a low, pleading noise in the back of his throat, arching up into Hawke's body as hot lips brushed the curve of his neck and shoulder, mouthing the tight clench of muscles before—

“*Fuck!*” Anders twisted hard, hips riding up helplessly as Hawke's teeth sank into his flesh. “Fuck, fuck, Hawke, fuck.”

Hawke offered a low, rumbling laugh, teeth scoring pale skin. Then he continued down. The heat of his breath made everything in Anders clench. When Hawke's breath gusted over his right nipple, Anders whimpered—*whimpered*—and bit the insides of his cheeks, bracing himself.

“Mm,” Hawke murmured. “Maker, look at them going so tight for me. You're ready to come, aren't you? You're so ready to come it hurts.”

Anders couldn't answer. He wasn't sure he could speak. Not now, not with one of Hawke's hands still pressed against his throat, the other drifting from his wrists to slide into the softly curling hair trailing down his belly. His breath was hot, one hip canted to keep Anders from slumping to the floor—keeping him pinned in place.

And then Hawke's even white teeth lightly scored the tight clench of his nipple and Anders went off like a shot. He twisted up with a breathless howl, back dragging over rough wood as he scrabbled up, closer, *more*, heels digging into the small of Hawke's back, fingers snarling tight in black hair. Hawke growled and bit harder, tongue swiping away the sting.

It was— Maker, he had no words, no thought. He just *needed*. Anders pressed against his lover's mouth, breathing gone serrated. He felt gutted and split open, like an overripe fruit so swollen on the inside that it ruptured its own skin. His cock was jerking, leaving a steady smear of precome along the straining tent of his smalls. Hawke rumbled in pleasure, shifting his grip on Anders—letting go of his throat in favor of bracing his hips—and *sucked* on the tight peak. Lightly at first, almost delicately. And then his mouth closed over Anders' breast and his cheeks hollowed—the sharp tug of it rocketed through Anders in steady, pulsing streams. It was as if a line had been forged between his nipples and his cock. Each stinging tug of Hawke's mouth flared through him in a dizzying lightning chain.

Maker, the noises he was making: he'd be embarrassed, later, keening and sobbing and pleading in choked animal cries, but there wasn't room for self-consciousness now. Not with Hawke's mouth on him, not with two big hands gripping his hips and pinning him to the tight clench of his lover's muscles. Hawke scored his teeth along the bruised tip of Anders' nipple, pulling away with a satisfied groan. A silvery strand of saliva connected them—reddened lips, reddened, abused flesh—as Hawke moved to his left breast.

Anders' knuckles bled white as he gripped long strands of black hair. He arched, back curving into a bow. He felt like one of Sebastian's bows, strung tight and jangling as Hawke caught the very tip of his left nipple between his teeth and *tugged*. Hawke's other hand moved, nails lightly rasping over the ache of Anders' right nipple, and the twin sensation was enough to obliterate thought.

He'd never felt like this. He'd always felt like this. He was so twisted up and turned around and,

and, “Hawke!” flailing helplessly against the assault as Hawke licked and sucked and pinched and twisted and *pushed him* into some sort of gibbering madness. Anders bucked and cried out, nails digging into Hawke’s scalp. The steady tug of Hawke’s mouth on his breast was a revelation—somehow, all of him was echoing the steady, sucking rhythm, cock twitching and breath heaving, oh fuck, oh fuck, he...

“I’m, Hawke, I,” Anders cried. His head whipped back and forth as he strained for orgasm—or against it? Maker, he no longer knew—shuddering, writhing, pressing against the scalding brand of Hawke’s mouth as if he could crack open his jaw and slither inside. “Hawke, Hawke.” His breath was coming in uneven sobs; he was so hard he couldn’t remember what it was like to not feel this pain. “Hawke, *please*, I, *please*. Please.”

Hawke’s teeth sank into the skin around his nipple, tongue snaking out to swirl over its tight ridges and valleys, and that, *that*, was what finally sent Anders toppling over. He gave a wordless shout, head slamming back against the door as orgasm shuddered through him in a shocking, blue-white wave. Anders twisted and yanked dark hair, pulsing between their bodies with helpless rucks of his hips, but Hawke didn’t pull back. He pressed closer, cheeks hollowing again, sucking away the sting as he pinched Anders’ other nipple, hard plane of his stomach rubbing against the unsteady pulses of Anders’ cock.

When it was finally over, Anders slumped forward, a boneless weight in Hawke’s arms. He felt... Indescribable. Husked out and scoured clean and made new.

There was no Justice. There was no Cause. There was nothing but Hawke, and Maker, that felt like some sort of revelation.

“Mm,” Hawke murmured, slowly pulling back. His tongue snaked out one last time, curling against Anders’ sore nipple, earning a low hiss. “Thank you, sweetheart. That was beautiful.”

“...grargh.”

Right. Ability to speak, gone.

Hawke husked a laugh, leaning in to brush their mouths together softly. His hands hooked under Anders’ thighs. Hawke shifted him, maneuvering his body with the sureness and skill of a *very* capable man. Anders let himself be manhandled, tipping his face into the crook of Hawke’s neck and shivering as he was bundled up in big arms. His smallclothes were a sodden mess and his body was still throwing off sparks. He felt wrecked, through and through. He wasn’t sure he’d even be able to keep his eyes open until they reached the inside of the Amell estate.

“Don’t fade on me yet,” Hawke murmured, nosing the soft golden hair at Anders’ temple. He was carrying him through the darkness of the cellar, moving with self-assured purpose. One hand curved over Anders’ hip. The other braced his shoulders. “When I get you upstairs, I’m going to rip those smalls off you with my teeth and lick you clean, then flip you over and fuck your hole with my tongue until you’re *begging* me to take you.”

The stirring of heat in Anders’ cock was painful; it was too soon, far too soon. And yet...

“I’m going to make you beg for my cock, sweetheart,” Hawke promised him, the weight of an oath in his voice. “And by the time I give it to you, you’ll be so broken down you won’t remember what it’s like not to want me.”

Anders shuddered and drew in a ragged breath, turning his head to look at Hawke. Shafts of light played over scarred, harsh, handsome features. Lyrium-blue eyes blazed around the black dilation

of his pupils. Slowly, Anders lifted a shaking hand to cup his lover's jaw.

"I'm already there," he said.

**

A/N: This was written for the Dragon Age Kink Meme. Thanks to everyone who left me notes as I was writing—I found the feedback inspiring. In fact, I was so inspired that I have plans to write a prequel showing how these two met...and possibly a sequel in the wake of the Chantry explosion.

Works inspired by this [one](#) [podfic](#) [The Man Comes Around by Khirsah](#) by [mevipodfic \(mevima\)](#)

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